

Trouble with TP

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Summary: Fury and Jubilee Toilet Paper the Mansion and Meet Someone Unexpected

Trouble with TP

> <meta name="GENERATOR">

Hey, folks. Me again. Thought you'd gotten rid of me? I'm not that easy to get rid of, unless maybe you buy me some ice cream. Nah. You know what, I honestly think I enjoy writing the disclaimer's more than the story. Just thought I'd let you know that. All X-Men characters belong to Marvel except for Fury. She's mine. (Remember? She's in all my stories. It puts a lot of flexibility into my work. I know, I'm lazy.). I'm making no money off of this (I probably couldn't if I wanted to) and it is for entertainment purposes only. And must I remind you again? E-MAIL!!!! I crave it. So SEND IT! Hee, hee. You should see me when I'm on a sugar buzz....

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Jubilee and Fury were sitting in the rec room of the mansion watching TV. Jubilee flipped through the channels saying as she went along, "Crap. Crap. Crap. Mega Crap. Boring. Cheesy." Finally she turned it off. "Geeze. You'd think a mansion this big would have something remotely interesting to do! You know what? I feel.... empty. You know when you want to do something potentially dangerous but don't want to get in trouble." She got up and began to pace the floor.

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Fury looked up from her magazine. "Well there's only so many things you can do to get in trouble around here. Let's see, Saran wrap the Prof's Hover Chair, put Nair in the cajun's shampoo bottle-or Beast's..."

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"No it's got to be something big. Something no one would ever think to pull off..."
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"How about toilet paper the mansion? No one's done that before."

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Jubilee whirled around. "Fury, you're a genius! An evil genius, but a genius nonetheless. To the bratmobile!"
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Fury laughed. "You have lost it, haven't you?"

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"Only my licence, so you gotta drive."

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The Store

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"How about this kind?"

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"No it's too soft and... \$2 a roll?! What a rip off!"

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Fury sighed. "Evility does have it's price."

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"We have to get the kind that's rough. The stuff that'll put calluses on your butt."

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"EEW. But that probably would be the best. Here it is! And there's 12 in each thing!"

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They grabbed eight of the packages and headed up to the cash register. The cashier was a lady in her 50's who looked at them funny but didn't say anything. The girls just giggled.
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"Your total is \$38.57."

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Back Home

The house loomed before the two girls. Mocking in all it's splendor and prestige. "I never realized the house was so big!" Whispered Jubilee.

"That's the fun part. Grab your stuff and get going!" hissed Fury.

They sneaked over to the shadow of a big elm tree and unwrapped their supplies. A roll in each hand, the girls began to work, covering trees and rocks and fence, oblivious to Robert watching from his room. Then they faced a problem. "Hey Jubes!"

"What?"

"How're we gonna get the roof? We can't throw that high!"

"I guess we're gonna have to climb up there."

"Won't Storm here us?"

"Not if we're quiet. If you're that worried, I'll go up there and you can stay down here. Although.. since you can just sort of electrically teleport up there..."

"Fine, I'll do it. Lazy!" She instantly disappeared, almost as if she melted into the air, and seconds later reappeared on the roof. Rolls zoomed down the sides of the mansion. Jubilee caught the ends and wrapped them around the pillars of the front, weaving them in and out and around. Fury appeared next to her. "We're out!" she squeaked.

"Wha-?" yelped Jubilee. Fury clamped her hand onto Jubilee's mouth and motioned for her to be quiet. They hid behind some bushes and watched as a deer flitted off.

"No. Wait. There's something else...." Instantly a man appeared out of thin air.

"How'd you know?"

"Disturbance in the electrons around the air, dummy."

"Well excuse me for not being able to examine air particles!!"

They watched as he observed the school and a grin spread across his face. The moonlight caught on his silver metallic arm and his white hair. He walked over to the mansion only to be blocked by a pale girl with silver eyes.

"Fury?" Jubilee turned to Fury but she was gone. Damn her and her stupid electrical teleporting thingy shit.... She thought, as she struggled to join her friend.

"Why are you here?" Fury asked through narrowed eyes.

The man was taken aback by her boldness. "I'm here to speak with a Scott and Jean Summers upon an urgent matter."

"And why?"

"Is it really any of your concern?"

"Actually, it is." said Jubilee, sounding braver than she felt.

"Hmm. You are the youngest of the team, I presume?"

"Why, does that automatically make us suck, or something?"

"No. I was told about you too. Fury and Jubilation Lee. If you must know, I am Scott's son and I must speak to him immediately in urgent matters. Now if you will excuse me..." he began to move forward. The girls darted in his way like tweedle dum and tweedle dee. Fury stood on her tip toes and examined his face closely, her eyes squinting up.

"Not so fast. You can't be his son. You're older than him and you're obviously not as dorky, but beside those facts, shouldn't you be, well, unborn right now?"

"Theoretically, but you don't know the history behind it."

"Uh, Fury?"

"What, Jubes?"

"Ask him his name."

"What's your name?"

"Nathan Christopher Summers Dayspring Askani's son."

"Whoa. Must've been fun in elementary school. Can you spell it for me?" Jubilee elbowed her in the ribs. "Ow! Never mind. So that would make you...."

"A monkey's uncle!" contributed Jubilee.

"A monkey's son," corrected Fury. "Alright. We'll let you go. If..."

"If what?"

"You don't tell anyone who did this little, er, exterior decoration, 'k?"

"Alright." he grinned as the girls separated and let him pass.

"Up, bup, bup!" Fury tapped his shoulder. "And don't mess up the decorations, Mister...."

"Cable. And I won't." he disappeared into the house.

Jubilee stared at the door where he had just disappeared into the dark. "Wow. He's pretty hot for an old guy."

"Jubes! That's Cyclops son!"

"What'd I say? He's got an extremely sexy smile too."

"Never mind."

"Admit it! You thought he was cute too!"

"Well, ok. Just a little."

"C'mon!"

"Ok, a lot. Guess we know that proves the old 'like father like son' saying wrong. But that doesn't matter because it's 4 am right now and everyone's gonna wake up in a few hours. Let's get some sleep so we can see everyone's faces in the morning." They walked past the fluttering curtain of toilet paper and opened the door. Suddenly the house alarm went off with a screeching wail.

"YAAAAAAAAAGHHHH!" Both girls screamed and hid in some bushes. One by one the X-Men exited the mansion. Most quite grumpy but dressed for battle. Suddenly they realized what had happened to the mansion. Gambit rubbed his eyes and Scott stood agape. FLASH! A camera went off and Bobby stood there smiling with a Polaroid in hand. "ROBERT DRAKE!" shouted Cyclops.

"Yes, Oh Fearless Leader?"

"You did this, didn't you?"

"No-"

"That's it. I've had enough of your pranks."

"But-"

"No buts. Tomorrow you are going to pick up every single piece of this mess."

"Yes, mother!" bobby mumbled under his breath, wishing he could stick an icesicle through Cyclops forehead. Not to mention get revenge on the girls.

"Where's Jubilee an' Fury?" asked Rogue.

"I haven't seen them anywhere." said the white haired stranger.

Jean began to psi scan the area. "Oh, shit...." Fury muttered under her breath. Jubilee was praying for an absolution. "They're not in the mansion or on the grounds they're probably out somewhere." Both girls mouths gaped open.

"Hmph. I don't know 'bout all you kids, but Gambit goin' t bed." he began to wander towards the mansion.

Slowly but surely they all returned to bed. Quietly the girls crept out of their hiding place.

"That Rocked!" They said to each other giving a high five.

"How come Jean couldn't find us?" asked a puzzled Jubilee.

Cable stepped out from the shadows. "Consider it my contribution to the mayhem."

"Oh. Nice Job." said Jubilee. They turned and headed for the house.

He grinned. "Yeah, not to bad- for an old guy."

Realization washed over them like a bucket of ice water and the girls shot off into the house as if the hounds of hell themselves were on their heels and collapsed into a pile of giggles on the floor, knowing he had heard the whole thing.

End
file.